you're confused at why he's calling after you to come back. you're scouting ahead for the team, doesn't he get that? you're trying to make sure they survive. yes, everyone here can respawn and come back, but it'd still have them lag behind, and respawning can be annoying. you aren't sure if they have cheats like teleport enabled - i mean if you don't, they might not either - so they can't just teleport back. you're their friend. you're their guard, it'd be the friend and guard thing to do. plus, you're still sticking with the team. this keeps them safe, and you're not leaving them behind. why would you do that? they're your friends and you love them.

there is a nagging voice at the back of your head saying no, leaving them would be best. you are bad, after all. you will only hurt them in the end. the best thing for them would be if you left.

you push it to the side. you don't have time to think about that.

they're in danger. danger of being separated. danger of being vulnerable. you won't let that happen. you're their guard. you keep them safe. that's your job, and you think you're doing good so far.

you're holding it up. it's really heavy. you stay somewhat steady long enough for everyone to get through, but it's still heavy. your arms are shaky. beads of sweat trickle down your forehead. your legs are close to giving out.

they all get through, and you let go. it's closing down upon you. it will tear you in half soon. you have the option to move. you could do it- you're a bit weak from how heavy it was, but you could. just crawl out of the way, someone will help pull you out.

but why not just let it crush you? you dying is good anyway. you look up at the team. they know you. they know you won't die forever. they know you'll come back. they know you'll find your way back. you always do.

except for him.

he's staring at you, his beautiful eyes big. you think he's asking for someone closer to get you out. you can't really tell- he really is pretty, huh? absolutely drop dead gorgeous. you didn't know it was possible for humans to be so beautiful, and yet… he's like if every perfect human were rolled into one, singular, even perfecter human. he's wonderful. you want to stare at his perfect face for the rest of your life.

you shoot him a little smile and a wink that you're not sure he sees as you are torn in two.

it occurs to you once you respawn that you maybe should've changed your spawnpoint.

it'll take you a while to get back. but you will. you pass through the wall, looking at the world from the outside. you can see the walls, you can see the floors, but only sometimes. above is a png of a vast sky. below is a deep, endless void that you're sure will swallow you whole if you look at it for too long. so you don't.

you scan the world, looking for your friends. there are some rooms in the way, and you move to look around them. where are they?

finally, you spot them - four colorful blobs. you smile. here you come.

if you had to describe him in one word, it's "confusing." he worries about your safety all the time. (why?) when you returned, he seemed… desperate over how he thought you died. (why does he care whether or not you're alive?) you've noticed he often glances around, before seeing you and relaxing. (that always makes you feel so warm.) but he's also kinda mean, jokes about hating you a lot. (i mean, you're not *not* opposed to that, for many reasons, but… still.) still though, actions speak louder than words, you've been taught that for a reason. and every action he's taken has been protecting you.

despite the confusion, he's your best friend now. you like being his friend. you have petty little arguments over things that don't matter. you make him laugh, and his

laugh is so wonderful. you swear you hear him say he loves your singing, though you're not sure. you do know that when you sing, he watches the swirling lights, and they reflect in his eyes and the lenses of his glasses like nothing you've ever seen. he pulls you out of danger, screams for you to keep yourself safe. whenever he does, you (usually) (reluctantly) oblige. in case you do die, though, you've set him as your spawnpoint. you'll always come back to him no matter where you die. you keep him safe too. you tease each other all the time. you jokingly call him an idiot. he jokes about wanting to kill you. it feels like you've been friends for years.

he looks at you a lot. you like to look at him back.

he's familiar to you, in a way. you might have seen him before, in a dream or in a game. maybe he's familiar because he's the player character. you're not sure. all you know is he's your friend, and you feel warm around him, and you'd do anything to keep him safe.

you don't remember getting to the surface. to be fair, though, your memory is historically terrible. did you die? no, you'd have respawned near him. you probably tried scouting too far ahead. or maybe you clipped through the map? eh, whatever. who knows how you ended up with like seven armed soldiers pointing guns at you. their bullets don't do anything - they know that now, you pulled a bullet out of your forehead. they seemed disgusted and horrified, it was great. later they called your bluff on whether or not you could die and come back. you tore off each of your fingers, one by one, before ripping off your left hand, piece by piece, bone by bone, and growing it all back. their horrified reaction was amazing.

generally, you'd say being bad feels awful. the guilt, the inability to do good, the good guys hurting you back, the fact that you were damned from the moment you were born to be a monster, all of that sucks. but if there is one thing, one little thing that makes you like being a monster, it's how satisfying hurting bad guys is.

one of them is talking to you- what is he saying? he's saying he knows you, which is impossible. he then says that you're your best friend's guard. you're pretty sure your face is about to set on fire from how warm it is.

yeah. you're his guard. you're his guard. that feels good. it makes you feel warm. it makes you feel good. you're his guard.

they tell you they only want him. all they need is for you to give him over. betray him. lure him into a dark room where they'll... "knock him out." take him outside. for "questioning." and once they "question" him, they will turn a blind eye to the rest of the team and let them go.

you are not (that much of) an idiot. you can tell they'll kill him.

but as you think this over, you realize- this will help. a plan forms in your head. get him into that room. they knock him out and kill him. he respawns. you can get him out of that clunky suit. you and your friends will all be safe from the military.

you turn this over in your head. you don't have good ideas often, but this... it feels like one. you'll be able to keep your team safe. you can learn where his spawnpoint is and encourage him to change it if it's too far away (you hope it's you. you hope you're his spawnpoint). since he doesn't like dying, you can just give him your vest and helmet (which he'd probably look damn good in). once he's out of the suit, you'll be able to hold his hand. it probably feels nice. his hand would feel so nice in yours.

besides, it'd be a little bit funny. he'd definitely be pissed for a minute - he clearly doesn't like respawning, judging by how he tries desperately not to die - but he'd get over it.

this is a good idea.

you can do a good thing.

you've been tuned out of the conversation the whole time. one of your friends wants to go fire a rocket. you played soccer with him earlier. he's going to help with your plan. he's wanted to see space for years. you've never really seen the appeal, personally. earth is really good. it has always been your dream to bury your face in the dirt and become one with the insects. god you love bugs.

you notice, your best friend is about to close the emergency exit. a spike of adrenaline hits you. next thing you process, the door is going to crush you again. you cannot wait for the crunch of your bones, or the feeling of your flesh tearing, or the sound of your skull splitting in two, or-

he pulls you out of the way.

he seems freaked out that you almost died. you can't help but feel annoyed at that, as you watch the emergency exit shut before it can crush you. couldn't he tell it was intentional? you intentionally put yourself in the way so you would get killed. it doesn't *matter*. you'd respawn a room or two away from him and easily be able to walk back. why should he care so much? you dying isn't a big deal. if anything, it kinda helps. dying feels nice, dying feels powerful. the pain is tasty. why shouldn't you want to?

after a few minutes, once your friend's gotten into space, if only for a minute, you ask to press the button again. it works. you excitedly get outside- this will be *much* more painful than just being crushed in half. you settle outside the window, and look into his eyes.

he really does have pretty eyes.

the feeling of your flesh searing off, your bones collapsing and turning to ash, the scent of your own burning skin… god that's *good.*

you and your friend are convincing him to get into the room. you want him to go in, desperately. you're both joking around, yes, but you're starting to get anxious. you want him to get in there. you want him to get in there! if he goes in there, it'll make everything better. if he goes in there, it will help him. it'll help all of them! you can help all of them! you can be good! you can do one thing, one single thing good! why won't he go in there! why won't he let you do a good thing?? please!! you want to be good!! *why isn't he letting you do a good thing!?!?*

finally, after what feels like years of convincing, he goes in.

you

~~are~~

you remember excitement

you remember amusement

you remember how excited you were for him to die and respawn

you remember how stupid and selfish your plan was

you remember wincing as they slammed his head into a wall

you remember your eyes widening at his broken glasses

you remember how you started gradually feeling more and more uneasy

you remember how wrong his blood is

you remember how thick his blood is

you remember how viscous his blood is

you remember how dark his blood is

you remember his blood dripping from the walls

you remember his blood oozing from his head

you remember his blood splattered everywhere

you remember his blood and you wish you would stop remembering

you remember the soldiers pulling his arm taught as you started to feel nauseous

you remember the soldiers raising a serrated combat knife

you remember the moment when it hit you your plan was flawed

you remember the moment you realized it was too late to change it

you remember watching his eyes go wide with fear

you remember watching them plunge a knife into his arm

you remember the sounds of them sawing through metal and padding and flesh and bone

you remember the blood, the gushing blood, all of it, everywhere, hands, on your hands, on your hands, on his hands, his hand

you remember his screams of pain

you remember his tears

you remember his screams

you remember his tears

you remember his screams

you remember his tears

you remember his screams

you remember his tears

you don't remember the exact moment it hit you that he can't respawn and never could

you remember staring for god knows how long

you remember the shards of bone they'd broken

you remember the strands of stringy and thick blood

you remember the sliced pieces of flesh

you remember the ripped pieces of flesh

you remember the broken bone

you remember the flesh surrounding it

you remember the bloody broken gauntlet

you remember how for a moment, his dead finger twitched

you remember how it then went completely still

you remember how blood was just leaking out of it

you remember how nauseous you felt staring at his bloody broken arm

you remember how you hated looking at it

you remember how you couldn't look away

you remember how it hurt so much that you couldn't feel

you remember how it hurt so much you couldn't let yourself feel

you remember how it hurt **so <u>much</u>**

you wish you more clearly remember how you tore the soldiers to pieces.

he's staring at you. he's scared of you. you can't blame him. you have never wanted more desperately to hug him. you have never wanted more desperately to wrap your arms around him and apologize. to explain. but your words are stuck in your throat, and can only come out as white to green light. you hate this so much. he tells you the only thing you have to offer him is dying. there is a part of you that strongly agrees. it's been there for years but now it's getting stronger

it's getting stronger

it’s getting stronger

it’s getting stronger

it’s the middle of the night. your friends are asleep. earlier, one of them broke down sobbing into another’s shoulder crying about how your best friend tried to make himself die. you feel like you’re suffocating. his breathing is labored and rough. his thick and viscous and dark and *wrong* blood is everywhere. it’s still pouring out of him.

he can’t respawn

you don’t want to look at his blood anymore. it’s all over the room and your hands and you don’t wanna look. you clip through the wall and sit down, staring into the deep, endless void. it’s been seeped into your soul for hours now, before the team even slept. a nothingness inside you threatening to swallow you whole. you don’t know what’ll happen if it does. maybe you’ll just be catatonic. lying down for hours and hours, unable to move. that’s happened before when you’ve felt bad. this is the worst you’ve ever felt. this is the most bad you’ve ever felt.

he can’t respawn

maybe if the soul void takes you away, submerges you, consumes you… maybe you’ll just die at this point. forever.

he can’t respawn

you’d prefer that at this point. right now it hurts. it all hurts. and you can’t make it stop. you wanna make it stop. it won’t stop. it hurts and won’t stop hurting. you have literally no way to make it stop hurting. dying won’t fix it. you wish it would. but that just gives you a brief adrenaline rush before nothingness and you always come back.

he doesn’t

he can’t respawn

he can’t respawn

he’s stuck on hardcore and you tried to get him killed. like an idiot. like a stupid goddamn idiot. you would’ve killed him. you’re so stupid, you would’ve killed the love of your life for a prank. he can’t respawn. you doubt he can regrow arms. why are you like this.

you shouldn’t be here

you’re hurting the team by being here

why would they need you

you are bad

you don’t give them anything but pain

you are bad

all you can do is hurt people

you are bad

you are bad

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…wait.

a sudden idea hits you. an idea that will fix everything. actually fix everything. and it won't backfire. it's not gonna backfire and hurt anyone. the only thing it'll hurt is you.

you know how this will end.

they will find a final boss to defeat. there's something resonating in the code- you think you know what that final boss might be. and it's terrifyingly strong and huge. if that's what they have to fight, they're gonna die.

and most of the team will be fine. they can all respawn.

he can't respawn

but

you have an idea

```
NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss
```

it's a genuinely good plan. it's good. you'll be able to fix everything. and this won't hurt anyone but you. you give them a happy ending. the bad guy gets punished. they win. you lose.

you give them the good end.

it's perfect.

it's gonna work.

huh.

you feel happy.

a sudden ease, relaxation, euphoria washes over you. you can't help but smile.

you feel so, **so, ridiculously happy**.

you haven't been able to stop smiling for hours. you're rocking back and forth, tapping your hands against the ground. you can't stop smiling. everything's finally gonna turn out okay. when was the last time you felt this good? you can't remember. all you know is that you can actually talk now! usually you're quiet, sitting in the background, observing. when you try to talk, it's hard. you can say about 100 words max before your brain shuts down and only lets you say "what" for the next hour or so. but your brain seems to have abandoned that rule! isn't that amazing?

you suddenly notice he's awake! you get right in his face, grab it with your hands still covered in his blood **and wish him a good morning, isn't it such a lovely morning? the sun is bright! the birds are chirping! you're going to die! everything is going to work out! people sometimes tell you that when you feel bad, but you've never really believed it until now! everything is going to go right! everything is going to be okay! it's such a bright, lovely day for the bad guys to lose and good to prevail!**

you and your friends have met someone now! he's very nice! he plays video games as well- the game he has the most playtime on is making you laugh. it's hilariously ironic. damn, when was the last time you felt so awake? you can participate in conversations more, you have more to say. you feel the need to get every little thought out of your brain. you even feel the confidence to flirt with him more! his reactions are making you smile- don't worry friend, only a day or less more of this and you'll get your sweet, sweet catharsis! and hey, you won't really be able to flirt with him later, better get it all out now while you still have time!

the conversation continues. he's in pain for a moment, and you're **worried, but then he's fine! he has a gun arm now, which is honestly really hot! damn, now he can kill you more easily, and he can just go to town murdering military soldiers… what is sexier than that?**

he called you his friend

you spin around in your chair, your heart starts racing. he said you're friends. he's your friend. you're friends. you sit straight up and scream it back at him. yes! you're friends! *you're friends! you're best friends! please! you wanna be friends! please let us be friends! please!*

he's not your friend and you are a parasite on his energy and his health and his safety

…

…eh, **whatever! a day or less to go and he won't need to deal with a monster like you anymore!**

your friend pulled you aside earlier. he's nice to you all the time. he honestly shouldn't be. well he won't be being nice to you later! he told you he'd noticed how smiley you've been. he told you it's… good to see you smiling!

you couldn't help but feel a bit hurt at that. for stupid, bad reasons, as per usual. because it is good! it is! it's good that you're smiling! it's good! you're smiling because of your plan! your plan to save everybody! which will work! so what if the fact that he's not doing anything about your smile kinda hurts because there's a small part of you that wants him to stop you you want him to stop you there's a part of you that's scared and you want him to stop you **because you're a selfish goddamn idiot! since when is that a surprise? you swallow back orange** orange always burns your throat it feels like acid and it hurts more to swallow back and it hurts you hate how much it hurts **and grin again. whatever! it's fine! you're doing great! he doesn't have any questions! he just thinks you're happy! and that's good! he doesn't need to know! no one needs to know!**

besides, if you tell anyone, they're gonna try to stop you

…can't have that!!

you're teasing him again. he's getting angry. this is good! get him angrier and he can take it all out on you later! it uh. it looks like he's taking it out on you now. because you were making fun of him. because you can only hurt others. which yeah that's true but- you push back against it slightly- nnooo, you did that on purpose! this doesn't hurt! you're so bad! please use all this anger later! you won't be able to use all your anger now if you're just letting it out now!! he isn't listening. why isn't he listening? why is he hurting you? you're friends, aren't you? he's your friend! this is a joke right? it's a joke! a joke that hurts! a joke that hurts so much. this joke. hurts. so. much. you. want. him. to stop you want him to stop you want him to stop this hurts you want to not be hurt you want him to stop it stop it STOP IT STOP IT *STOP IT*

you grab his face and spit out blue, and once you've started you can't stop, there's so much blue, you promised yourself you wouldn't use it because your friend will be able to read it and he'll know that there *is* a reason for your smiling and he's gonna try to stop you but you can't help it it's too much emotion it's too much hurt there's so much hurt everything hurts you just wanna stop hurting you want it to stop

you finally shut it off. your eyes are burning. your ears are ringing. through your daze you think you hear him ask what blue means. you can't have him know. your friend seems confused- you don't think you were thinking of your plan at all he doesn't know but your best friend can't know how much it hurts you need to

you scream at him. it's a lie. it's wrong. it's not what blue means. it's never been what blue means. you're lying. you're lying. but you can't stop yourself. your eyes are burning with tears and your voice is raw with anger and hurt.

he stumbles backwards. his breath hitches. his eyes widen. you think he's tearing up. you made him cry. what the hell is wrong with you? why do you keep making him cry? why can't you ever stop hurting him?

he shoots you in the face and leaves the room. you quickly shoo away the other bubbles of blue before your friend can read them, and you leave as well. maybe he said something but you don't know. you're trying not to cry.

```
NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss

if (NIHILANTH.chr >= missing)
```

you're swinging your legs on the hood of the car. wow, you feel better already! you feel better! you feel better! you're sitting on the hood of the car, and it's going - ooo, you might even fall off! that's fun! you end up in the seat next to him and for a brief moment he's a little nice you **can't have that! mean! be mean! be mean! you gotta be mean! you are mean! you are bad! you are bad! you are bad!**

why don't you feel as happy as you did earlier

okay, maybe you had a liiiiittle outburst, yelled at him, told him a lie, **but hey, it doesn't really matter in the end either way! it's better he thinks that anyway! more incentive to get rid of you! if he thinks he hates you, it gets him more invested in the truth that you're bad, even if it's just a lie! this is going to work out! this is** going to work, it's going to work, shit, why don't you feel like it's gonna work anymore? it needs to work. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to. it needs to.

```
NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss

if (NIHILANTH.chr >= false)
   {“benrey.chr = finalboss” >= true}
```

you want to write a note. you've been separated from the team - that's better anyway, nobody needs someone as bad as you! - and you wanna write a note. explaining everything. y'know, just in case! they'll read it after everything, and sure they might feel sad for a bit, but after that it's all gonna be fine! and since they'll read it after you're dead, they won't stop you! they won't! they can't! you can't let them stop you! you can't let them stop you!

you've found paper and a pencil. the paper is pink. you like it. you like pink. pink is a good color. you think it'd work pretty well! you lie down on your stomach and you write.

you aren't really sure what to write at first, so you just… write whatever you feel you need to. you explain. you apologize. you apologize. you need to apologize. you've done so much wrong and you need to apologize. **and you continue! you reassure them! this is okay! this is the right thing! they won't miss you for long anyway! you're fixing everything! this is the** good thing! this is good!

it spirals

you don’t wanna hurt

it hurts right now

you want it to stop hurting

you can make it stop hurting

```
_____

|  Are you sure you want to delete “NIHILANTH.chr”?
|

|  This item will be deleted immediately. You can’t undo this action.
|

|  Cancel           Delete
|
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```

you’re writing too much. your brain is screaming at you to stop. your vision is blurred. stop it. stop writing. STOP WRITING. stop telling them how you’re hurting. don’t tell them how you’re hurting. don’t tell them how much everything hurts don’t tell them how much it all hurts if they know you’re hurting they’ll try to stop you they can’t stop you you can’t let them stop you stop writing orange burns your throat stop writing tears are dripping onto the page stop writing orange to red stop writing it’s all staining the page stop writing you should be dead stop

writing it HURTS STOP WRITING IT ALL HURTS SO MUCH ***STOP WRITING*** ***STOP. WRITING***

you don't know when you stopped

you're curled up in a ball somewhere dark

orange to red is pouring out of your mouth

orange to red hurts

it hurts

everything hurts

everything hurts so much

tears are streaming out of your eyes

you think you slammed your head into the wall once

or twice

or three times

or four times

or five

or six

or seve

or

or

or

but you don't know

it hurts

so

much

it's gonna be okay

you'll die soon

why are you scared

they'll be okay

why are you scared

you'll be dead

why are you scared

you're gonna stop hurting

why are you scared

you won't hurt them anymore

why are you scared

why are you scared

you can save them

```
Cannot find path 'NIHILANTH.chr' because it does not exist
```

you can't back out

…and you don't want to!!

you crawl out of your hiding place. the paper is lying in the center of the room. you slowly walk over to it and pick it up.

you can't let them read all that they'll feel bad for the irredeemable bad guy that isn't meant to happen that's not how the story goes

you scribble it out

you write an urge for them not to read it

they can't read it

they'll feel bad for being good

you write goodbye

you can’t let them read this. not just the part you scribbled out you can’t let them read any of it. they will feel bad. they will stop you. they’re good, good people care when others are hurting, even if they’re bad people. if they know how much everything hurts they’ll try to stop you. they won’t fight you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them stop you. you cannot let them

you scribble it out

you scribble everything out

you want to rip it to shreds

you kick it under a table and leave it there

they don’t need to read that

you can’t let them read that

you're talking to him. you feel nostalgic and don't know why. you're just talking. when you were friends. remember? you were friends with him. he was your best friend. you had fun. doesn't he remember?

when?

what

what's that meant to mean

why would

that's a joke right

why would

why

why

why

why

he was never your friend

you were always just a leech

it feels like you’re being shattered

it’s a wonder you haven’t broken down yet

you're back with everyone. it feels like a void has opened up in your soul. he's clearly not doing much better. you want to cry. you monster. you're so goddamn selfish, you know that? you're here about to start crying, he wants someone to kill him. your problems are relevant how?

you're urging them to go back. why. why are you doing this. why are you doing this to them. you have a plan. you can't back out now. you've come too far. you made a plan. *stick to it.*

~~NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss~~

you're getting closer to the end. you talked to someone from the original game. he's scared of you. you don't feel anything but a small, building wave of fear.

you're so close

why are you scared

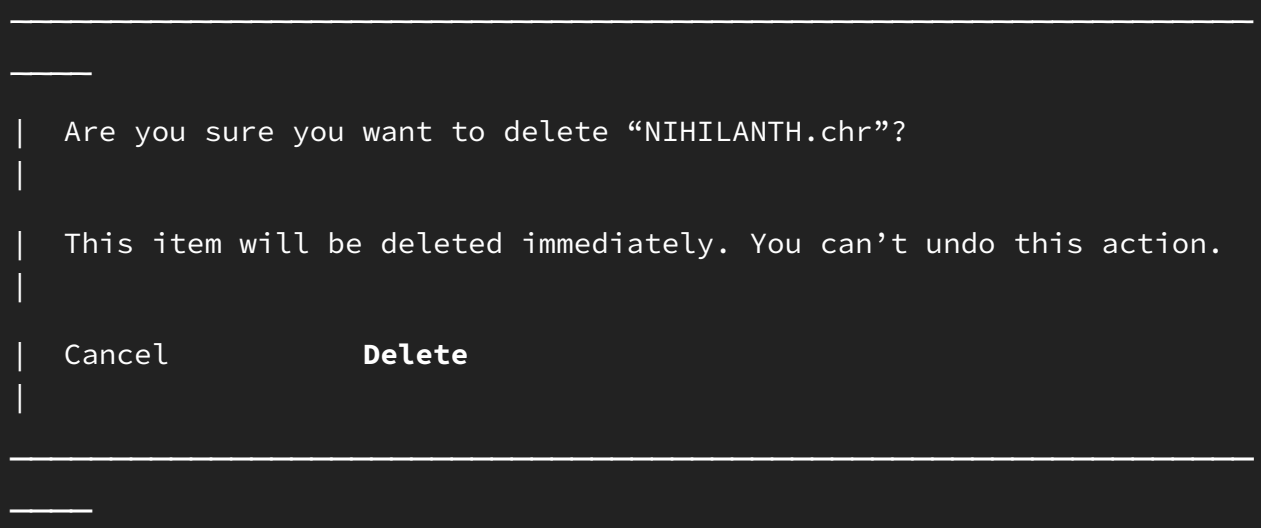
```
NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss
```

you're practically begging them to go back. please go back. you can wait. you can wait. you can go back.

```
NIHILANTH.chr = finalboss
```

```
if (NIHILANTH.chr >= false)
   {“benrey.chr = finalboss” >= true}
```

please. you wanna go back. you wanna go all the way back. please.


Are you sure you want to delete “NIHILANTH.chr”?
This item will be deleted immediately. You can’t undo this action.
Cancel
Delete

you need to do this. you took all the steps to do this. you want to do it. act like it.

he says you’re going forwards

you feel like you’re being crushed

you need to do this

you’re gonna do this

you’re finally gonna get to die, right?

you’ve wanted that for ages

now you get it

you can finally die

you can finally stop hurting

you finally get to die

you die and they live

they'll live

they'll live

you can save them

you steel your nerves. you have to do this.

```
Cannot find path 'NIHILANTH.chr' because it does not exist
```

the portal is open. you take a deep breath. the last breath of earth air you'll ever take.

you can do this.

~~NIHILANTH.chr~~ = finalboss

you wish you'd done all you wanted to do before this. you wish you'd stuck your face in the dirt. you wish you've played in the waves. you wish you'd built sandcastles. you wish you'd climbed trees. you wish you'd helped more.

you wish you'd told him you love him. you wish you'd been a better friend. you wish you'd been better.

you wish you were good

god you want that more than anything

you want to do this.

yeah. you want to do this.

you're giving them the happy end.

you're keeping them safe.

you're doing one good thing.

it's time to go.

you walk through the portal.

benrey.chr = finalboss

you thought it'd hurt less

if anything it hurts more

there's noise

there's so much noise

burning into you

burning into your ears

your eyes

your soul

they're looking at you

they're afraid of you

good

your plan is working

he's scared

light is so loud

you're not really thinking

you don't feel fully in your own body

you ask him for something

you just want something

to be held

to be safe

to be told it's alright

but you don't deserve that

he's scared

he's angry

he wants to kill you

thank god

you want that too

it won't hurt if you're dead

you'll save him

you'll keep him safe and sound

you're his guard

you keep him safe

you keep them all safe

fuck whatever happens to you

as long as they're safe

01010111 01001000 01000001 01010100 00100000 01010100 01001000
01000101 00100000 01001000 01000101 01001100 01001100 00100111
01010011 00100000 01000111 01001111 01001001 01001110 01000111
00100000 01001111 01001110 00100000 01000011 01000001 01001110
00100000 01010011 01001111 01001101 01000101 01001111 01001110
01000101 00100000 01010100 01000101 01001100 01001100 00100000
01001101 01000101 00100000 01010000 01001100 01000101 01000001
01010011 01000101 00100000 01010111 01001000 01011001 00100000
01001001 00100111 01001101 00100000 01010011 01010111 01001001
01010100 01000011 01001000 01001001 01001110 01000111 00100000
01000110 01000001 01010011 01010100 01000101 01010010 00100000
01010100 01001000 01000001 01001110 00100000 01010100 01001000
01000101 00100000 01000011 01001000 01000001 01001110 01001110
01000101 01001100 01010011 00100000 01001111 01001110 00100000
01010100 01010110 00100000 01001001 00100111 01001101 00100000
01000010 01001100 01000001 01000011 01001011 00100000 01010100
01001000 01000101 01001110 00100000 01001001 00100111 01001101

00100000 01010111 01001000 01001001 01010100 01000101 00100000 01001110 01001111 00100000 01010011 01001111 01001101 01000101 01010100 01001000 01001001 01001110 01000111 00100000 01001001 01010011 01001110 00100111 01010100 00100000 01010010 01001001 01000111 01001000 01010100 00100000 01001101 01011001 00100000 01000101 01001110 01000101 01001101 01011001 00100111 01010011 00100000 01001001 01001110 01010110 01001001 01010011 01001001 01000010 01001100 01000101 00100000 01001001 00100000 01000100 01001111 01001110 00100111 01010100 00100000 01001011 01001110 01001111 01010111 00100000 01001000 01001111 01010111 00100000 01010100 01001111 00100000 01000110 01001001 01000111 01001000 01010100

you asked them to go back again. you are so selfish. you're committing to this bit. do your job. keep them safe.

they're screaming. he's screaming. your body is distorted, your skin is twisted, you don't know if that's your blood or just sparkling, eyes are flashing in and out of existence. it. all. ***hurts.***

he's crying again

01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01010100 01010010 01000101 01001101 01000010 01001100 01001001 01001110 01000111 00100000 01000110 01000101 01000001 01010010 00100000 01001001 01010011

00100000 01001101 01001111 01010010 01000101 00100000 01010100 01001000 01000001 01001110 00100000 01001001 00100000 01000011 01000001 01001110 00100000 01010100 01000001 01001011 01000101 00100000 01010111 01001000 01000101 01001110 00100000 01001001 00100111 01001101 00100000 01010101 01010000 00100000 01000001 01000111 01000001 01001001 01001110 01010011 01010100 00100000 01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01000101 01000011 01001000 01001111 00100000 01001001 01001110 00100000 01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01001101 01001001 01010010 01010010 01001111 01010010

your friends- not your friends- are talking. you remembered halfway to make them wanna kill you and screamed at them. why did he laugh.

they know what the world is now. it's a game. it's all been a game the whole time. you hope they're okay. they will be okay. they'll make it out alive. you'll make sure of it.

01000101 01000011 01001000 01001111

you found where you're meant to be

you collapse

you haven't even been attacked yet and it all hurts

you're tired

you're so tired

you just need to wait

just need to wait

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110 00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110 00100000 01101001 01101110 01110100 01101111 00100000 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110101 01100111 01101100 01111001 00100000 01100010 01101100 01100001 01100011 01101011

they're here. they're finally here.

you start talking. you don't even know what you're saying. it's probably a lie. you hope it's all a lie. they can't feel sympathy for you. you need to show them how bad you are. you need to show them what a vile, repulsive monster you are. how you deserve to die. show them. show them the bad thing you ***really*** *are.*

and finally it starts

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01110010 01110101 01101110 00100000 01100001 01110111 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101110 01101111 01110111 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

they're strong. they're strong. they're strong. they're so strong they're kicking your ass they're gonna win. you're gonna die. everything will be okay. they will be safe.

it doesn't hurt enough

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110 00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110 00100000 01101001 01101110 01110100 01101111 00100000 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110101 01100111 01101100 01111001 00100000 01100010 01101100 01100001 01100011 01101011

they've figured out the mechanic of the fight. they're gonna win faster now. they know how to kill you.

you need a minute to breathe

you lie your head against a rock. your skin is stretched over your flesh, your flesh is distorted and rippling. your bones keep breaking and healing. it hurts. you're tired. you're so tired.

WHY ARE THEY BACK

nonononononononononono they're not supposed to be here it's too early you're not ready you're not ready why are they shooting you you don't wanna hurt them you don't wanna hurt them you don't wanna hurt them no no nonono please go away go away go away go away

they're gone

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01110010 01110101 01101110 00100000 01100001 01110111 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101110 01101111 01110111 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

do not let your guard down

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110 00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110 00100000 01101001 01101110 01110100 01101111 00100000 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110101 01100111 01101100 01111001 00100000 01100010 01101100 01100001 01100011 01101011

they can't find it. there's one- two- there's pieces left and they can't find them

you hold yours up. you're irritating them. come on. please. please do something. break it. please. please. please

thank you

why can't you die

there’s one left

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01110010 01110101 01101110 00100000 01100001 01110111 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101110 01101111 01110111 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

why did you ask him to play games with you.

you monster.

you jokingly chase him through the halls. please get to the room. please. please. please

he’s there. you make something up. you can’t go in there.

you won’t go in there

it needs to break

it breaks

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110 00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110 00100000 01101001 01101110 01110100 01101111 00100000 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110101 01100111 01101100 01111001 00100000 01100010 01101100 01100001 01100011 01101011

01110111 01101000 01100001 01110100 00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01101000 01100101 01101100 01101100 00100111 01110011 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101001 01101110 01100111 00100000 01101111 01101110 00101100 00100000 01100011 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110011 01101111 01101101 01100101 01101111 01101110 01100101 00100000 01110100 01100101 01101100 01101100 00100000 01101101 01100101 00101100 00100000 01110000 01101100 01100101 01100001 01110011 01100101 00111111

they're talking. you can't focus. something in you is changing. you feel weaker. you're gonna do this. you're gonna die. they're gonna make it home.

he tells you that you'll both be home.

even if you come back, you will make sure that's not true.

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110
01101110 01100001 00100000 01110010 01110101 01101110 00100000
01100001 01110111 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101110 01101111
01110111 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110
01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111
01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

everything hurts more. it's weird. pain is weird. they're bringing out the big guns for this. a final stand against the bad guy. there's a shred of peace in you, along with an ever-growing feeling of… something. like a wave, starting to get stronger.

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110
01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110
00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101
01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110
00100000 01101001 01101110 01110100 01101111 00100000 01100001
01101110 00100000 01110101 01100111 01101100 01111001 00100000
01100010 01101100 01100001 01100011 01101011

01110111 01101000 01100001 01110100 00100000 01110100 01101000
01100101 00100000 01101000 01100101 01101100 01101100 00100111
01110011 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101001 01101110 01100111
00100000 01101111 01101110 00101100 00100000 01100011 01100001
01101110 00100000 01110011 01101111 01101101 01100101 01101111
01101110 01100101 00100000 01110100 01100101 01101100 01101100
00100000 01101101 01100101 00101100 00100000 01110000 01101100
01100101 01100001 01110011 01100101 00111111

you hope they're having fun. genuinely. you want your death to be as enjoyable for them as possible. he looks like he's having fun. he's smiling as tears keep streaming. he's having fun. why does that make you feel sick?

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01110010 01110101 01101110 00100000 01100001 01110111 01100001 01111001 00100000 01101110 01101111 01110111 00100000 01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

oh god. you're so tired. you're so tired. the noise keeps growing. piercing into you. their jubilant yells. the sound of guns. the sound of you. the sound of the orange burning your throat. it's so loud.

rounds are fired into your helmet

it breaks

it's louder

01101001 00100111 01101101 00100000 01100111 01101111 01101110 01101110 01100001 00100000 01100010 01110101 01110010 01101110 00100000 01101101 01111001 00100000 01101000 01101111 01110101 01110011 01100101 00100000 01100100 01101111 01110111 01101110

your arm feels like hell and there's blood trickling down your face and down your arms and your outfit is torn to shreds and your eyes are burning with tears and

your throat is stuffed with blood and the noise is louder it’s pounding in your ears through your soul through your heart your heart your heart is still beating

but it’s going to stop

01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

you’re about to die.

01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

you’re about to die forever.

01100001 01101110 01100100 00100000 01101110 01100101 01110110 01100101 01110010 00100000 01101100 01101111 01101111 01101011 00100000 01100010 01100001 01100011 01101011

this is going to kill you and you will never come back.

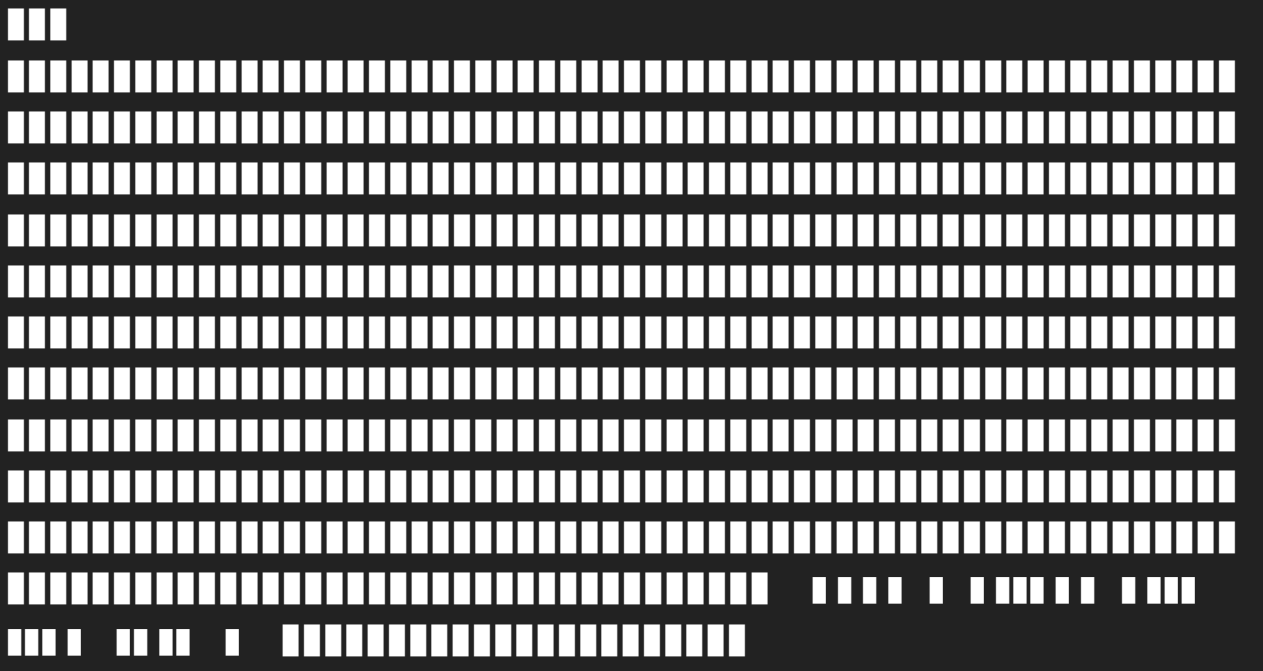
no

NO

NONONO NO **NO YOU DON’T WANT YOU DON’T WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE**

the tidal wave of fear has crashed into you. you're more awake and more afraid than you've ever been in your life. you fight back. you're going to hurt them but at this point you're terrified you don't care you can't CARE please stop please stop you don't want this you DON'T WANT THIS *I DON'T WANNA DO THIS I DON'T WANNA DO THIS ANYMORE PLEASE I DON'T WANNA DIE ANYMORE* YOU SCREAM AT THEM TO STOP THEY WON'T STOP WHY WON'T THEY STOP THIS ISN'T FAIR THIS ISN'T FUCKING FAIR OH GOD YOU CAN'T DO THIS YOU CAN'T FIGHT BACK YOU THROW YOURSELF AGAINST A WALL AND YOUR WOUNDED BODY REFUSES TO GO THROUGH BLACK LIKE MIDNIGHT BURNING ORANGE GREEN TO RED PLEASE YOU WANNA STOP THIS JUST A FIVE MINUTE BREAK CALL IT A DRAW CALL IT A DRAW YOU DON'T WANNA DIE ANYMORE YOU DON'T WANNA DIE ANYMORE *I DON'T WANNA DIE I DON'T WANNA DIE I DON'T WANNA BE BAD I WANNA BE GOOD LIKE YOU I JUST WANTED TO BE GOOD PLEASE LET ME LIVE I'LL GO AWAY FOREVER I'LL STAY IN THIS PLACE UNTIL I DIE I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT JUST PLEASE LET ME LIVE I DON'T WANNA BE BAD I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU I DON'T WANNA BE BAD I'M SORRY FOR EVERYTHING I DON'T WANNA BE BAD I DON'T WANNA BE BAD I DON'T WANNA BE BAD* YOU SCREAM FOR HELP YOU REACH OUT YOUR BROKEN DESTROYED LEFT HAND AND BEG FOR *HELP HELP ME PLEASE HELP I DON'T WANNA DO THIS ANYMORE PLEASE I LOVE YOU PLEASE HELP ME* I DON'T WANNA FUCKING DIE ANYMORE GREEN TO RED GREEN TO RED TRANSLATE IT PLEASE TELL THEM WHAT IT MEANS GET THEM TO STOP YOUR LIMBS GO NUMB YOU COLLAPSE TO THE

GROUND YOU'RE BEING BEAMED UP GREEN CRACKLES AROUND YOU YOU SCREAM AT THEM PLEASE GOD YOU DON'T WANNA DO THIS YOU DON'T WANNA DIE ANYMORE YOU DON'T WANNA DIE *PLEASE I DON'T WANNA DIE DON'T LET ME DIE DON'T LET ME DIE I'M SORRY I'M SO SORRY GORDON PLEASE HELP ME DON'T LET ME DIE I DON'T WANNA FUCKING DIE FUCK I DON'T WANNA DIE ANYM*



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you're alive